WINTER WALK (VILLANELLE)
by Andrew “Change” Huang

i scream your name from the eiffel tower,
and kindly wait for your voice to call back;
few short seconds become long hours.

as Paris snows, she shutters in dour—
her winter veil goes from gray to black;
still, i scream out from her eiffel tower.

i wander through this city of vowers—
maybe to find you somewhere on this treks—
before the seconds become lost hours.

perhaps Paris yearns for a spring shower.
she must think i am a fool—if i ask—
for screaming out from the eiffel tower

or for keeping souvenirs in our
aged memento box—very much intact.
now the seconds become long, lost hours.

i pass by your grave with daisy flowers—
a bouquet of brilliant bulbs and bracts.
i scream your name from the eiffel tower,
few short seconds become long hours.